Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1914 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Unity Hymns and Chorals

Edited by WM. C. GANNETT
and FREDERICK L. HOSMER

In studying hymn-books either for private or for Church uses, send for a copy of the above for inspection, to be returned free of cost if not wanted.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
700 Oakwood Boulevard - - - CHICAGO

Are you going to be at the Tower Hill Summer School this year? If so, bring along any of the poems of Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, the little book of Modern Verse edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, or any other modern poet. A revised edition of the Apocrypha will give you pleasure.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Testimonies 135
Notes 135
Distorted Vision—Unproportioned Patriotism.... 137

SELECTED—

"The Honor of the Flag."—*Hon. William Kent*....138
How a Live Man Can Help the Farmers.—*The Jefferson County Union* 139
Furs for Warmth—*Ernest Bell*.....145

THE PULPIT—

Why Go to Church on Sunday? I. The Bible Lesson.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 139

POETRY—

The Redwing.—*Bliss Carmen* 143
The Dawn of Peace.—*Alfred Noyes* 145

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature. XIII. Tobit 144

THE FIELD—

Improved Housing Conditions.—*Edward A. Steiner*.146

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
Fred Welberry—Robt. H. Ramm
Oysters Are In Season
GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES
We Dress All Our Own Poultry
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Telephone, Drexel 115 Telephone, Auto 73-096
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1914. NUMBER 9

"I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

—Abraham Lincoln.

Testimonies

The following communication was telegraphed to President Wilson Sunday evening after having been unanimously agreed upon by the large congregation at the Sunday morning service, and another congregation which attended the four o'clock vesper service Sunday afternoon, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

"The Sunday congregations of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, respectfully urge that enough lives have already been sacrificed to atone for a breach of international eitquette. We pray that your splendid independence will save us from further military hysteria and the disgrace and wickedness of a war with an inferior power and an undeveloped people groping towards democracy. We rejoice over the promised arbitration by friendly republics."

At a public meeting held in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, Chicago, April twenty-seventh, at which addresses were made by Jane Addams, Bishop C. P. Anderson, Miss S. P. Breckinridge, Hon. William J. Calhoun, Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, Prof. Shailer Mathews, Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, Judge E. O. Brown, Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, Rabbi Joseph Stolz, Prof. James H. Tufts and Charles E. Beals, the following was adopted:

This meeting rejoices in the tender and acceptance of mediation. It assumes that military and naval operations will be halted during negotiations and confidently expects settlement of the Mexican question. It profoundly laments that our beloved nation has been stampeded into temporary savagery by war-making interests, which lapse from civilization has entailed a needless and wicked sacrifice of human lives.

Attest: Chas. E. Beals,
Secretary.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Chairman.

Telegrams from New York and Washington received by the editor of UNITY:

Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago, Illionis.

The trustees of the Carnegie Church Peace Union are signing a request that all churches of the United States offer prayer next Sunday that the proffered mediation of Argentine, Brazil and Chile bring peaceful solution of difficulty between the United States and Mexico. May we attach your name?

90 Bible House, New York City.
(Signed) Frederick Lynch.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Know that President is working to utmost for peace. Made another talk yesterday. Report follows by mail. President deserves every possible endorsement at this juncture against Hearst and other war makers.

William Kent.

Horace White, the venerable editor, is quoted by *The Chautauquan* as saying concerning the proposed naval holiday of Winston Churchill, the head of the British naval establishment:

"The makers of warships and of big cannon are stupefied. Our own Navy League is disturbed and is giving out word that the vote in the lower house of Congress is mere buncombe, not to be taken seriously. I am glad to know that buncombe is at least on the side of the naval holiday."

Wordsworth's stately lines concerning the "heaven that lies about our infancy" is a pleasing fancy, and the average mind accepts unquestioned the fact that the growing man does lose the "vision splendid," which at last "fades into the light of common day." But all this rests on a questionable psychology. The love of feathers, tin horns, noise and the "shoot-a-bang," which seems to sweep so many men and women into a frenzy of enthusiasm, is a lapse into childishness, beyond which the "vision splendid" breaks upon the eyes of the soul opened by reflection and directed by reason.

The Chautauquan rings true in these days when the daily press is reveling in such yellow extravgances. In its issue for April 18th there is much commendable statesmanship. Concerning the Panama tolls fight in Congress it says:

Jingoes, soreheads and malicious scribes saw their opportunity to undermine the President's strength. The campaign they made against him and the repeal bill cannot be contemplated without shame and humiliation.

The "politics" of the tolls fight, the effect on elections and parties, on ambitions and aspirations, may be ignored here. Gossips and professional politicians will chatter about those things. The fair-minded, intelligent citizen looks on issues from the point of view of right and true national expediency. Any other point of view leads to confusion, intellectual and moral.

Professor William I. Hull of Swathmore College, authoritative interpreter of the Hague Conferences already held, has an illuminating discussion in the *Friends Intelligencer* of the 18th instant, as to the number of adult men and women in this country who really are "opposed to the settlement of international disputes by warfare," and commends a proposition, discussed by the executive committee of the "Church Peace Union," to take steps to submit the question to all the church members in the United States. He tells the story of how William Penn, who in his early life was stirred by the doctrine of George Fox, asked his elder brother in the faith if he should continue to wear his sword. "I advise thee to wear it as long as thou canst," was the answer. The next time they met Penn was without his sword. "William,

where is thy sword?" said Fox. "I took thy advice and wore it as long as I *could,*" was the reply.

A book of great significance, which ought to be studied frankly, is reviewed at some length in the *Literary Digest* for April 25, under the title of "The Split Between the Church and the Age." The editors of the *Homiletic Review,* impressed by the wide split and apparently growing indifference to the claims of the church, asked a hundred or more leaders of thought in the fields of religion, science and literature, what, from their point of view, was the cause of this indifference. These replies, from such men as Professors Eucken and Harnack in Europe and David Starr Jordan and Edwin Markham in America, have been compiled in a volume of six hundred pages under the title of "The Church, the People and the Age." Pending a more deliberate notice of the same in our columns, we hasten to commend the article in the *Digest,* hoping it will provoke many of our readers to consult the book itself.

The "Political Equality League" of Chicago, an association that justly carries the banner of progress and glories in its courage, has recently refused to admit into its membership a lady in every way qualified, simply because her skin was tinted dark by the strain of negro blood in her veins. The excuse was that one such member would preclude the League from membership in "The National Federation of Clubs," and that would be a calamity which these suffragists do not dare to face. O, sisters, have you not learned that "no virtue goes with size!" and that in the spiritual world the squirrel that can crack a nut is superior to the mountain that can carry forests on its back? Perhaps the name ought to be changed in order to be consistent with facts from the "Political Equality League" to the *Politic Un*equality League. The hope of the world still rests with the "saving remnant," and it may be necessary here, as it has so often been in the history of the world, for the "remnant" to find its potency in secession and the power of the unpopular minority.

The Pacific Unitarian for April says that two hundred and six conventions have been formally booked to meet in San Francisco in 1915 during the progress of the Panama Exposition. Among them is listed the General Conference of the Unitarian Churches. This is encouraging. The experience of the great Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893 proves that the more lasting as well as the more profitable exposition of progress consists in the display of ideas, in the exchange of the intangibles, rather than in the display of things, however spectacular, or their contrivances, however ingenious. The Panama Expositon will miss its greatest opportunity and crowning glory if it does not succeed in summoning to its council chambers the representatives of the religions of the world in a great international, inter-racial communion of faiths such as was realized in Chicago in '93. That the religious interest of the world overreached itself at that time is quite apparent to the student. There was a reaction back into dogmatism and denominational anxieties. Still the sectarian interests were conscious of receiving a blow from which they have never recovered. As the Rev. W. D. Simonds of Oakland, California, has recently said, "When that Parliament was over it was evident that a new era had dawned in religion. Henceforth no religion may arrogate to itself the title of the one true and holy faith descended out of heaven upon men. All had developed naturally in answer to the needs of the human soul, so religion itself came strictly within the natural order." Has not the reaction exhausted itself, and has not the time come when on the shores of the Pacific Ocean there will be offered an object lesson in religious fellowship, a world revelation of soul that will outreach the splendor of the Chicago achievement?

The Public for April 24 sustains in a marked degree its enviable reputation for clear statements concerning live issues, discussed in an independent and progressive spirit. The pages of this particular number are radiant with illuminating comment upon the present humiliating relapse of the United States, as reflected at least in its newspapers, into medieval concepts of "honor" and an irrational thirst for gore. It says that "bloodshed at Vera Cruz deeply condemns the policy of reprisal." No excuse can wipe it out. We hope that its inference is not true, that "the great mass of the American people have war in their hearts" and that "their hands clutch eagerly for guns that they may kill some of their fellow creatures." We prefer to believe that the "very, very mad world" it comments upon exists more in the telegraph wired sanctums of newspapers whose habits are sensational, than in the hearts of the quiet multitude that constitutes the bulk of the citizens of the United States. *The Public* re-discovers the significant words of Cowper, which contain loads of wisdom for the diplomats at Washington: "No gentleman will insult me; no other can!" To enforce its editorial epigrams this paper publishes in full the final chapter of Professor Frederick Starr's recent book on "Mexico and the United States." UNITY has previously regretted that Professor Starr, who probably has a clearer knowledge of Mexico and the Mexicans than any other American gifted with a mind trained to analysis and to clear statement, had no place in the diplomatic corps at Washington at this critical juncture. Failing that, we hope the legislators and cabinet officers will avail

themselves of his wisdom, to be found in printed shape. We commend the whole of Professor Starr's article to the readers of UNITY who desire a sane word from one who has brought his study of Mexico down to date. In answer to the question, Must we interfere? he replies, "No; a thousand times no; we should keep hands off." He has a sane word concerning our investments and investors in Mexico which we reproduce in part:

The only influence active toward producing intervention and a war of conquest is the investor. We are constantly informed that we must protect American financial interests in Mexico. The investor in Mexico puts his money there because he hopes to gain a return larger than his money should produce. He has a right to do so if he chooses, but he should carry is own risk. He knows there is a risk; he has no right to ask us to carry that risk for him. If every penny of American capital invested in Mexico were wiped out of existence, there should be no armed interference on our part. Two other points affect the question. We are often told that $900,000,000 of American capital is invested in Mexico. It is certain that much of this is fictitious value. There are plenty of companies in Mexico capitalized at $100,000 which have never had $20,000 actual money put in the enterprise. As Turner says, "oceans of water" in the great railway merger. We, of course, think of piling up claims against Mexico to the extent of $900,000,000. How much legitimate claim would be left after a Hague court investigated that? Again, it must be remembered that a very large amount of this American capital is invested in "tainted" concessions. Most of the foreign enterprises favored during the regimes of Diaz and Madero were never submitted for approval to the Mexican people and are not to their advantage. It is interesting, by the way, to notice that the Constitutionalists threaten to deal seriously with this whole matter of tainted concessions. Would that they might! But if they should, will our Government support them?

The investor in Mexico deserves no sympathy from us; to the degree that he places his money yonder, he is unpatriotic. He has a right, of course, to place his money where he pleases, yet a true patriotism and an enlightened appreciation of conditions would lead him to keep money here. There is not as yet a single State in our whole Union, not even New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio, which is legitimately developed. We have, as yet, no genuine conception of the development of any area. We have always been cursed by the fact of greater opportunity in a new section. We have drifted here and there in the hope of getting sudden wealth with small outlay of labor. It has been a great misfortune to ourselves. It has had a frightfully destructive influence upon the world at large. It will be a good thing when we are more confined in our possibilities. Real patriotism, not the blatant kind, would lead men to utilize their capital in the development of the region in which they were born.

Distorted Vision—Unproportioned Patriotism

Our sympathy goes out in unstinted measure to the bereaved Chicago mother who awaits with a broken heart the return of the lifeless body of her son, who fell at Vera Cruz. She deserves the sympathy which the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy have hastened to offer her, in fitting terms of tenderness and appreciation. The life of her boy was a costly sacrifice and his name deserves honorable mention. But Sammy "Martin" does not stand out pre-eminent among the Russian-Jew youths of Chicago who have brought luster to their race and strength and safety to their adopted country. It is a vicious patriotism that places the crown of heroism upon those who select the lower service. The newspapers say that the Jews are preparing to give the body of the poor boy a great demonstration. A procession, thousands long, is promised. A learned representative of his race is offering young "Martin's" name as a proof that the people of his race are loyal and that they can be trusted as good American citizens, a claim which no one cares to deny in the face of thousands and hundreds of thousands of splendid demonstrations. The truth after all is said and done, is that the mother was right when she sobbed, "Sammy ought not to have left his home. He was doing well, but he was restless," and so he went away and enlisted under a fictitious name at a time when there was no battle cry, no screaming eagle. Sammy "Martin" need not have expatriated himself in order to achieve patriotism, for Samuel Meisenberg, following the quieter walks of secular life, mastering electricity in the interest of commerce, trade and civic well-being, might have rendered his nation a greater service than to have fallen a victim to a bullet shot by one who, also, was moved by patriotic impulse, who, also, was a defender of his home, meeting an "invader" who to him threatened the sanctity of his people. Judaism will rest its claim to confidence on a too uncertain and inadequate foundation if it elevates this incidental loyalty above the accumulating devotion of unnumbered thousands who are walking the ways of private integrity, and just plain service.

These are sad days to the thoughtful, so distorted seems the vision of those who have been trusted for intelligence and leadership, so unproportioned is the patriotism that is promoted by the headlines of the daily papers. It will be a shock to many, as it was to the editor of UNITY, to find that the Chicago Woman's Club, the intellectual center, as was supposed, not only of feminine independence but of the public spirit of Chicago, passed with difficulty the other day a peace resolution condemning the present tendencies toward war and the recrudescence of the military in connection therewith. The resolution was carried by only a majority of five or six amongst several hundred women. Who would have thought it!

We have called attention in another note to how the leaders in the suffrage movement in Chicago, the great "Equality League," drew the line against a colored woman for "patriotic reasons." For must they not belong to the *National* Federation in order to accomplish anything?

In the council chamber wherein the plans for the great suffrage parade arranged for May 2 have been discussed there has been a militant expression. There are those who, in the name of patriotism, would like to display by float and banner the martial ardor of women.

In connection with this tendency the editor of UNITY addressed to the President, in charge, the following protest, which, according to subsequent discoveries, had been benignly suppressed for fear it would prove depressing to the management who already had trouble enough. A committee of ladies from the Abraham Lincoln Centre study class in religion were assured later that the military would be reduced to a minimum of a few men on horseback to help direct the procession; but in view of a certain aggressive militancy still asserting itself among women who ought to feel the horrors of war, the letter was sent to one of our leading daily papers, which in turn wished to protect the sensitive public, as the adjutants protected the sensitive President, from so depressing a communication. But believing that there is a menace to sanity caused by the almost unthinkable enthusiasm for war developed on all sides in these days, we print the letter thinking that it may do good even in Chicago, and that it is needed elsewhere if not here.

Dear Mrs. President: April 17, 1914.

I have your letter of yesterday asking my interest in and co-operation with your parade of May 2nd. It goes without the saying that I am in hearty sympathy with the cause you represent and I believe that under proper circumstances and properly managed, parades and displays have an educational value. But frankness compels me to confess to you that I am pained to see that a woman's demonstration should stultify the great fundamental mission of women in the state, as I see it, by invoking the presence of the military. Ruskin has said that war would cease whenever the women said so. I have been urging whenever opportunity offered, and I believe my position can be sustained by history and science, that womans' claim to a part in the state arises from the sure transition of the functions of the state from the militant to the domestic ideal. So long as organized government was supposed to rest upon the man on horseback rather than upon the guardian of the hearthstone fire, so long did the masculine argument obtain. But I believe the woman's cause rests sociologically upon the fact that there was a matriarchate in the world long before there was a patriarchate, and I humbly protest against the appearance of the military in such a demonstration as you propose. At least I rise to explain why I cannot conscientiously take part in such a demonstration, or encourage the women who might be interested in knowing my position on the subject to do the same. I write this protest to you personally out of my desire to merit your confidence and hoping that it is not too late for you to take the matter under serious consideration. Later along, if the gold lace, buttons and swords are to appear in the ranks of this new civic column making for justice and peace, I will in all probability feel called upon to make my protest public as effectively as I may.

The present humiliating furore and foolishness that seems so to stir the nation over a piece of conventional etiquette that would make silly the formalities of a society function is an apt time for women to make an effective protest against the medieval standards of "glory" and monarchial ideas of "honor." The flag of the United States does not have to rest its honor upon the shooting of some blank cartridges under the direction of an outlaw who follows the tactics of a brigand. Pray do what you can to show that the women are above the fuss and feathers of the military, that you are in league with the forces of the future that are domestic, educational, spiritual.

Very brotherly yours,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"The Honor of the Flag"

An address made by Honorable William Kent, of California, before the House of Representatives, April 20, 1914:

Mr. Speaker, I regret and resent the fact that there has been a certain amount of partisan politics injected into this very serious discussion. The question at issue is far away and above any political consideration or any excuse of party advantage. I, for my part, have believed it my duty as a man not bound by party ties to stand by the President of the United States whenever I could, simply because the President of the United States is in power and has the responsibility of representing the whole United States, the dignity of its people, and has the opportunity to push forward policies that lead to the betterment of our country by carrying on the march of progress and reform. My loyal support has been given the more freely because of the respect I have for the man, in addition to the respect due the offiee. At this time I regret exceedingly that I cannot agree with the President. In all other great questions I have believed with him, and therefore have supported him. He has had my respect and my loyalty and will still have both, but I should be false to my deepest convictions if my respect and my loyalty could swerve me at this juncture.

I, too, stand for the national honor, and I stand for the national honor in its highest possible sense, because I stand for international peace. I stand, and shall stand, against the crazy, old, barbaric idea of going to war on slight pretext, even though that pretext may be clothed in the stolen habiliments of national honor, or may be premised upon a defense of the flag when that flag is not in jeopardy. I would never for a moment deny the last drop of my blood or the Nation's blood to save this country from foreign aggression; but to believe that the national honor of the United States is in the keeping of any foreigner, and especially in the keeping of a man who has been authoritatively called a "bandit," is beyond my comprehension.

This man Huerta, who has been branded as a bandit, a traitor, and a murderer by our Government, has been asked to make an apology, an apology as head of a responsible nation, and this demand has come to us through a subordinate in the navy. What absurd logic is this that we are called upon to indorse? The man whom we do not recognize as the responsible head of the Mexican Government has apologized, the man who committed the offense of arresting American sailors has been punished, and now because, forsooth, a little more gunpowder will not be burned than this particular naval officer thought ought to be burned, we are declaring war. This resolution means war, and nothing short of it. This is no declaration of peace. This is not a declaration against one man. It is to every man who knows Mexico a declaration of war against the whole people of Mexico, and nothing else; for the moment we put armed forces into Mexico all the tides of racial antipathy will rise, all the old historic bitterness will be revived, and we shall find that we shall have to take the country and rule it. It is all very well to say this resolution is in the interest of peace, but I, who have been in Mexico and know the people of Mexico, know how jealous they are of the aggressions of what they are pleased to

call us—the gringos. Before we get through with the spanking of this man whom we do not recognize even as spankable, we shall have upon us all the horrors, all the heart-breaks, all the waste and loss that will come of war. I believe as firmly as I stand here that by voting for armed intervention in Mexico we are condemning to death many of our own citizens who, without the passage of this resolution, would live happy lives. I can see no use or excuse at this time for picking trouble, for declaring war, on any such a petty or trivial basis as has been given. (Applause.) The honor of our flag is no more in the keeping of Mr. Huerta than it is in the keeping of a Papuan cannibal who might have eaten an American missionary who had a flag in his valise. The honor of the flag is involved in preserving a just peace in the world, in minding our own affairs, and in promoting the welfare of our own people along the lines of self-governing democracy and equalized economic opportunity. This is no case, in my opinion, to authorize intervention, to authorize the murder of American citizens in a useless war, for a useless war is murder, for which we collectively and each of us must assume responsibility.

How a Live Man Can Help the Farmers

It gives a wonderful impulse in the direction of good and profitable farming to have a live, well trained man in the county as a leader in good things. The following declaration from Mr. J. P. Shea of the Hutchinson (Minn.) High School, who has charge of its department of agriculture, shows how useful such a man can be when employed as a "County Adviser:"

1. Will test corn for germination and all other kinds of seeds.
2. Will test your grasses and grains for purity.
3. Will test your milk. Is your cow a boarder? Are you positive one or more are not? Unless your cow gives at least 150 pounds of butter fat, she isn't worth her board.
4. Can identify over 100 of the more common weeds of the locality and tell you how to eradicate them.
5. Will assist you in control of plant diseases and insect enemies.
6. Will vaccinate your hogs for cholera.
7. Will help you start an alfalfa plot.
8. Can procure pure grain for you.
9. Will help you get a good sire for your herd or better female animals.
10. Will assist you in treating your seed wheat for smut or potatoes for rot.
11. Will assist you in pruning your fruit trees or grafting for new varieties.
12. Will test your soils for acidity or "strength."
13. Will assist in keeping of individual cow records of tests and feeds.
14. Can furnish you bulletins, both United States and State, upon almost any farm subject. Have you secured a book yet from the free farmers' library?
15. Will visit your farm whenever desired and help out in any way possible.
16. Can secure State experts whenever necessary.
17. Will help in laying out drainage systems.
18. Will hold farmers' country school meetings whenever desired.
19. Can furnish you with building plans for different types of barns, houses, implement buildings and corn cribs.
20. Will be glad to write up your live stock pedigrees and sale bills or assist you in making out mortgages or contracts.

And yet a majority of the Jefferson County Board of Supervisors last fall said in their wisdom that such a man couldn't be worth $1,500 a year to the farmers of this county. —*The Jefferson County Union.*

THE PULPIT

Why Go to Church on Sunday?

Or the Helpful Elements in the Social Sanctuary

A Series of Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

I.
The Bible Lesson

April 19, 1914

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Tutor us this morning O Father with the words of thy chosen ones, who in times past have followed the light. Tutor us with the kindly helps of near and dear ones. Help us O Father to feel the bonds that bind each to each and all to thee. Help us to hear the cry of the lonely, the wail of the suffering. Help us to enter into the sorrows of broken homes, that through sorrow and tears we may find the way to Thee, the life of love and the love of life. Tutor us, O Father, through the yearnings of our own hearts, through the gleam that penetrates the darkness in our own minds, and above all through that still small voice which is never entirely silent, which whispers from within of duty and love, of purposes unrealized, of hopes unspeakable, of triumphs that await thy children whenever they are consecrated by the lessons of the past to the needs of the present, and to the guidings of the inner life, which is thy life within the souls of thy children. Amen.

SERMON.

This morning and for four or five successive Sunday mornings I purpose to go with you in search of the elements of power in the Sunday morning service. I shall discuss in your presence, if I may, what we may reasonably expect from a rational Sunday service in religion. We will inquire successively into the power of the Bible reading, the hymn, the prayer, the sermon, the offertory and the social benediction in our Sunday morning gatherings.

Let me not beg the question. There is no saving virtue in church going. It is not an indispensable condition either of usefulness or of the holy life. Many men climb heavenward on a ladder that is not reached through a church door. Let me admit at the outset that the church service may be very stupid and may conduce to stupidity. I admit, if you care to insist upon it, that the church service may make for degeneracy, it may and does harbor hypocrisy, and it may and does shelter wickedness. If you care to push the argument farther, I will admit without dispute that the church service is often an obstacle to progress, a hindrance to the growing life. It may be in the future as it has been in the past, organized to oppose that other road to heaven, that other instrument of grace, that other rich unfolding of the life of man, represented by the word of Science.

But after all these admissions, claiming for the church no supernatural sanctity and refusing for myself any ecclesiastical advantage, refraining from using, if I knew how, which I do not, any of the ecclesiastic arguments or inducements for church attendance I still hope to be able to show you in these

simple Sunday morning talks that the service, on its merely human basis, has large possibilities as an element in individual culture and as a factor in the refinement of the community and the enlightenment of society.

In the first place it comes as a benignant punctuation of the calendar. That life grows hopelessly monotonous which does not note the cycle of the moon and the swing of the seasons. If Sunday brought no other grace into human life than to punctuate the time when the laborer gives his body an extra scrub, and the sweaty shirt of toil is replaced by a clean one, prepared perhaps by the wife's midnight devotion in patching and putting on buttons, it would be an untold blessing. Even at this minimum the Sunday habit has been of unspeakable value to civilization. There have been many experiments, some thoughtful and some reckless, in the interest of a prosperity and an economy that sought to eliminate the day of rest.

France in its wild days undertook to escape the Sabbatical measurement of seven days and to project a week on the decimal system, making one day in ten a Sunday, but did not succeed. Economically speaking, the workers of the deep mines have found that even the mules which live and die in the dark must needs be given this day of rest if the maximum of profit is to be secured from them. The Sunday service marks the time, it breaks the monotony, it brings social cheer. The church may become, and is, to multitudes, the larger sitting-room, the extended parlor, where friends are greeted and neighbors welcomed.

Over and beyond all this the church service is a human blessing in its own clumsy way,—for all human instrumentalities are clumsy. Human nature is never more benignant than when it tries to work together, and human nature is never less human than when it tries to play the game of life alone. Human nature is never more at its divinest reach than when it lays hold of a neighbor's hand and says "let us walk together."

But this morning let me confine myself to a few words as to the value of Bible reading in church. This subject carries us back pedagogically and psychologically to the primal revelation, which is the revelation given us through words. The power of speech is the one thing that most emphatically and adequately distinguishes the profound demarcation between the man and his poorer relations. John Fiske dramatically called attention to the mighty triumph in evolution which put the animal on his hind-limbs and left the fore-arms free for other purposes, a change which made him a conquering individual. But in the same connection Mr. Fiske said that greater than the fore-arm, with wrist and hand, the most surprising thing ever accomplished in mechanics, either in nature or in art, for the machinist has never been able to make so facile and elastic a tool as every child has in his good right hand—is this gift in the throat, this marvelous music box that makes speech possible.

I shall never forget the impressiveness of that little story that was told us at the great Memorial Banquet given in this city during the Theodore Parker centennial celebration, by the young priest who was just shaking off the robes of the Catholic Church. He told of an aged brother priest who was much disturbed by the doctrine of evolution. The Darwinian implication seemed to him to undermine the fundamental sanctities of life. The poor old priest was much distraught. In his sleeping as well as in his waking hours he was haunted by the cynical insinuation that he was descended from monkeys, that men were only developed simians. While thus distressed in mind he visited a menagerie. The animal world had taken on fresh interest for him and demanded closer study. He was especially impressed by a cage of monkeys, so full of life, so alert and so responsive,—particularly a certain grandfatherly monkey, grisly and ragged, but seeming to be touched with a peculiar intelligence. He had learned many "monkey tricks." For instance, he would imitate those who watched him; if they took off their hats he would take off his; if they folded their hands he would fold his hands. This disturbed our good priest more than ever, and to escape from the sardonic implication of so ignoble an origin of man he wandered away. But he could not stay away; he came again and again. The venerable monkey each time saluted him, and as a last touch of friendliness put his little hand through the bars to be shaken. The priest was broken, and with great emotion and trembling voice full of tears he said, "Bedad, me b'y, spake but one word and I'll baptize ye!" He was philosophically correct. He was justified of science. Whenever the monkey or the dog passes the dead line of the brute into the live line of the human he will be able to speak words. Words represent the great depository of civilization. Words enable us to accumulate from age to age the growing experience and the significant triumphs of man. And there is nothing more ominous in our cultural aspirations today, in this age of engineers and engineering, of manual training and technical education, than our neglect of words, our indifference to the treasure house of thought and love—Language. All of these technical studies are noble and charged with noble possibilities, but if the hand is to be honored above the gift of speech, if dexterity with tools is to supplant the finer and higher dexterity with words, then growth of soul is menaced and civilization is threatened.

And so I plead for a study of the Bible as a vast reservoir of human experience, as a fountain of English undefiled. It disputes with Shakespeare the credit of lifting dialects and local variations, idioms and brogues into that beautiful elastic instrument of thought and feeling, the English language, which is fast encircling the world in the bonds of fraternal fellowship, in the interest of science and humanity. After you have eliminated all supernatural claims for the Bible, and have admitted the value, and applied to its study all the helps of what we call the Higher Criticism, after you have discovered the honest genesis of all its treasures, the Bible still stands, by the concensus of the competent, the verdict of the universities, as a great storehouse of human experience, of life and love, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to the mind that would keep abreast of the times. In the rush to "keep up with the times," in the haste to know the newest things, to be alert concerning the latest things in literature, there is great danger that our children will fall hopelessly "behind the times," because they are strangers to the primal sources of inspiration and culture.

The Bible is worthy of study, then, because it is a great storehouse of history. It contains the story of a brave people in the possession of a great ideal. It throws open the door by which we are able to pass

into the great and rich life of past civilizations. It is through the Bible and only through the Bible that the great mass of men have been brought into touch with those mystic triumphs of Egypt, Babylon and Nineveh. To many people it is the door through which the intelligence has passed into those more gracious centers of civilization, Greece and Rome.

The Bible is charged with human experience, radiant with human triumphs, pathetic with human frailties and human failures.

But more than that, the Bible, by the consensus of the competent, by the verdict of the schools, is found to be a great storehouse of poetry, and poetry constitutes the lasting treasure of the human mind. The producing of poetry demands the severest culture, and the appreciation of it the highest training. Poetry is not the amusment of an idle moment, not the playground of the indolent mind, not the resort of the unthinking; but poetry represents the highest achievement of mind and it demands the closest application of the soul in order to wring from it its blessing. The Bible is a great library of poetry. The world moves in a pageant of glory through the Psalms. The unknown writer of Job weighed the planets in his balances, watched the swinging of the stars, and noted the procession of the seasons. Nay, more, to him the neigh of the horse and his waving mane were dramatic in beauty and urgent in power. As a book of poetry our Bible stands confessedly among the classics of the world.

But more than that, the Bible, for us of the western world, is a dream book of the spirit. Dreams are inevitable accompaniments of the spiritual life. They are promises of progress. The great dreamers of the world have always been and ever will be the great leaders of the world. I appeal not to theology or to philosophy, but to the verdict of the critical and the sceptical, and by their help I am led into an appreciation of the Christian and Jewish Scriptures as the great depositories of the ideals of great men, the dreams of the noble.

John Stuart Mill was deemed a sceptic, was held to be an unbeliever, because he wandered far from the theological commonplaces of his time; but he, the prophet of democracy; he, the champion of subjected womanhood when such championship was rare, particularly in the higher walks of the intellectual life, pays a marvelous tribute, more marvelous because deserved, to the contribution of the Hebrew prophets to democracy. He said in part:

> The Egyptian hierarchy, the paternal despotism of China, were very fit instruments for carrying those nations up to the point of civilization which they attained. But having reached that point, they were brought to a permanent halt for want of mental liberty and individuality—requisites of improvement which the institutions which had carried them thus far entirely incapacitated them from acquiring, and, as the institutions did not break down and give place to others, further improvement stopped. In contrast with these nations, let us consider the example of an opposite character, afforded by another and a comparatively insignificant Oriental people—the Jews. They, too, had an absolute monarchy and a hierarchy. These did for them what was done for other Oriental races by their institutions—subdued them to industry and order and gave them a national life. But neither their kings nor their priests ever obtained, as in those other countries, the exclusive moulding of their character. Their religion gave existence to an inestimably precious, unorganized institution, the Order (if it may be so termed) of Prophets. Under the protection generally, though not always effectual, of their sacred character the Prophets were a power in the nation, often more than a match for kings and priests, and kept up, in that little corner of the earth, the antagonism of influence which is the only real security for continued progress. Religion, consequently, was not then—what it has been in many other places—a consecration of all that was once established, and a barrier against further improvement. The remark of a distinguished Hebrew, that the Prophets were in State and Church the equivalent of the modern liberty of the press, gives a just but not an adequate conception of the part fulfilled in national and universal history in this great element of Jewish life, by means of which, the canon of inspiration never being complete, the persons most eminent in genius and moral feeling could not only denounce and reprobate, with the direct authority of the Almighty, whatever appeared to them worthy of such treatment, but could give forth better and higher interpretations of the national religion.

Let these comments suffice.

1. The Bible is a door into the past, rich in the lore of heroism.

2. It is a classic book of poetry, full of that which appeals to the imagination and demands intellectual recognition.

3. It is a book of ethics, a challenge to the conscience, a call to liberty, an instrument of democracy.

You reply, "Very well, but what does that have to do with the church service? If the book is all that you say it is, why not turn to and study it as you do your Plato and your Socrates and your Shakespeare?"

But how much do you study your Plato, please? Into how many of our lives has Socrates sunk so deep that he has become an unconscious guide in our thinking and an instrument in our doing? Take Shakespeare, if you please. How persistent are you in your study of the great Bard of Avon? Browning has facetiously called attention to the discouraging fact that but few of the experts who affect Shakspeare very much have probably ever tried more than four or five butts in the Shakespearean cellar. Oh, you know your Hamlet, your Julius Cæsar if you have been to High School, your Shylock; perhaps three or four more; but there are vast areas in Shakespeare, let us humbly confess, to which we are practically strangers, and even in our chosen fields we are not very diligent tillers. Great literature must be interpreted by experts. Great poetry needs particularly vocal interpretation, and it is not wise to try to offset this argument by appealing to something else. If you can organize a weekly service where Shakespeare will be sacred scripture, to be devoutly studied, call me to the pastorate of such a church and I will consider it. If you point me to the fact that the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges draw their strength from the ancient Vedas, or delight in the parables of the Enlightened, "The Buddha," I will say that were I there I would go to their temples. But we are not the direct inheritors of Hindu inspiration. We are the spiritual children of the Hebrews, and the inheritors of the prophets and the Psalmists, illuminated, expanded, upheld and interpreted by that other stream of inspiration which struck the Hebrew tide twenty centuries ago, when Greek thought matched with Hebrew inspiration and gave birth to the new thing—Christianity. Hence our fount of refreshing is the Hebrew and Christian scriptures.

So we need, Oh how much we need, even the clumsy helps of a Sunday reading from this classic of the spirit, this storehouse of inspiration. We cannot afford to dismiss this method until we can find something better. Much has been said, and none too

much, of the pitiable ignorance of this commonplace classic in the homes of modern Jews and Christians. A similar ignorance in regard to the history of Greece and Rome would bring a blush to the cheek of the undergraduate, but if you catch him in an egregious mistake in Bible history, he only considers it a good joke. But if all direct study of the Bible were to stop, we would not lose this immeasurably valuable treasure, its triumphs and its defeats, because they have got into our public speech. They are common property. The most unscrupulous spell-binder, in his noisy claims on ante-election days knows he can use no illustration so forceful and can appeal to general sympathy no more surely than through use of the Bible. He confidently throws Bible quotations at his audience, because he knows that he is dealing with the common property, he is speaking a common language. The words of this book have become charged with grace and charm, augmented by blessed memories. Its stories have been dipped in happy associations that give to them added power. The stories of Ruth, Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany, are touching whenever first heard, but when they come, as they do to all of us, clothed in sweet memories of Mother and Father, loved ones who have passed beyond,—when they come to us in the tones of those forever silent, they become immeasurably more powerful. And so the mere reading from Sunday to Sunday, of passages from this storehouse, becomes in a long life a great source of culture, liberal culture for the soul; as those who have lived first-hand with people whose only source of literary culture has been the Bible, emphasized by the Sunday service, often realize. A text for a sermon is justified if for no other reason than that so much at least is good, for a poor preacher cannot thoroughly spoil a good text, which always finds its best interpretation in the context. There is always a pedagogical element in poetry and the poet himself that in the long run makes for culture and refinement, quite aside from any of the saving clauses that belong to religion.

But I would be disloyal to my theme and untrue to fact if I did not call attention to the fundamental justification of this verbal use of the great classic literature which we call the Bible; which was a thousand years in forming, which represents the individualities and idiosyncracies of a hundred or more authors; which represents units as distinct the one from the other as the books on my library shelves, where Carlyle jostles Emerson, and Browning hobnobs with Coleridge, and Buckle with Gibbon stands side by side. All these phases of literature are crowded into this little library shelf of the Jewish and Christian Bible, all bound together by the forces of a high ideal, touched, not exclusively but impressively, by that highest attitude of the human soul which we call reverence, that rarest element of the human heart which we call devoutness, and gratitude.

Canned goods are oftentimes dismissed with a sneer, but every housekeeper knows, that the diet of the modern man has been immeasurably enriched by the discovery of the process of canning. Legitimately canned food is a great resource in the feeding of the world, and the average home-maker who would attempt to feed her family only on freshly gathered vegetables and fruits would narrow them down to most meager fare. And so is it with the spiritual provender of the soul. Food for the spirit has been canned for us in the great books of history. It has been preserved for us in the libraries of the world, and those who discard this rich source of spiritual nourishment become emaciated in soul as the primitive man was in body,—underfed, uncertain of life, because he needs must live from hand to mouth.

Did I ever tell you of the three "W's" that made Texas? A prosperous ranchman, when I was down in Texas a year ago, after listening to my story of "The Three R's", said me, "I will give you the subject for a lecture, 'The Three W's that Made Texas'." I tried to guess them but missed every one. I said "water." He said that was just what Texas in early days was short of, it did not have water enough. Texas was always in a thirsty and parched condition until the first "W" was introduced,—Wells. "We dug down and found there was plenty of water in Texas if we went for it; but very little of it comes to the surface, when we probe the hard surface we strike it." I recall the story of the early pioneer days when three men lost their lives from thirst, and the rescuing party found only their parched bodies under the merciless sun on the baking sands. The last office they could perform was to bury the poor victims, but the spade that dug their graves struck the water that would have saved their lives. Wells, made Texas, and so, for our spiritual needs, there is always water down below. Go dig, and strike the sustaining rivers, charged with Judaic inspiration, Greek culture, Roman order down below the hard, dry crust of the present. Every Sunday service seeks to sink a little well, sometimes a driven pipe will reach the flow, but sometimes you must blast through the rock for it.

But what is the second "W" that made Texas? I did not guess that either. Water a-plenty if you go for it, but not available. All the ingenuity of human sense could not bring it up in plentiful quantities for the fields, gardens, barnyards and homes. But the winds of heaven blow in abundance in Texas and all the farmer had to do was to hitch a windmill to his well and forth came the water in generous measure. Wind, is the second great power in Texas. It is not very safe to suggest the parallel. The "Sunday service" is suspected of being largely wind, some of you irreverently suggest "hot air," but it may draw the water, the living water, with which, having refreshed ourselves, like the woman at the well of Samaria, we "thirst no more." Let us multiply the windmills of the spirit, the pumps that draw from the exhaustless wells of God.

Perhaps the third "W" is a little farther fetched but it has its significance, and it is the last thing you would ever guess. All these wells and windmills are the result of human ingenuity, before they were introduced into the vast fields of Texas where private ownership was uncertain and disputed, the highest prosperity reached in the industrial life was attained by the cowboy method, with spurs, pistols and bowie-knife. The great event of the year in the old grazing days was when the cattle were rounded up and branded; if they failed to receive a brand they were claimed by the King Cattleman Maverick, so all the unbranded steers of Texas came to be designated by his name. Life and property might have forever remained insecure, human society would have been un-

certain in a semi-civilized Texas if it had not been for the development of the wire industry, barbed wire at that! Wire was the third "W" necessary to the making of Texas by establishing boundary lines marking the difference between yours and mine, securing the stability of property and settled habitations. In that way society became established and learned the co-operations of good will and not of bad will. I imagine that many of you, particularly the liberal kind, think that barbed wire is not an inept symbol of church limitations and boundaries. We have indeed used a good deal of ecclesiastical barbed wire in the past. But rightly used, anything that brings people together according to the laws of variety and co-operation rather than the violent laws of selfishness and greed, anything that helps the centrifugal forces which are religious forces, in gathering us together in sweet and holy households, rather than the centripetal forces that throw us out on the selfish tangents of individual ambitions and individual greed, is to be desired.

Friends, I do not know whether I have made my points clear this morning. But I believe that the Sunday scripture lessons have brought an intelligence, strength and culture into the lives of Christian and Jew beyond our power to estimate. "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it" was the dying demand of the great Herder. "Read me something that has meat to it," said the poor sick, dying Lute Taylor, of early Wisconsin days; and when his brother asked him what he should read,—"Something with meat in it, read me something from Paul," he said.

One more thought. You say, as I say, that there is no reason for drawing a circle around the inspirations of the Almighty to include only Jews and Christians. It is easy to parallel the inspirations of the Bible Christianity, possibly the new word of a modern prophet of God may sometimes reach the mark where the ancient scroll may fail.

A man came across the desert from somewhere in Arizona the other day to hear me, who had heard me over twenty-five years ago a few times, without having the courage to make himself known. "Do you still read a poem in your church service?" said he. "Yes, invariably," I replied. "I have some of those poems in my mind yet. I used to watch for them more than any other part of the service," he said. That did not mean that my modern poems were worth more than the ancient scriptures, but it did mean that they reached him more effectively. It did mean that they touched his life more vitally. So it is with the reading of the scriptures. I understand that many thousand children in the Moslem world know the entire Koran by heart. In a well established Mosque provision is made for the reading of the Koran by a succession of Dervishes night and day, so that the entire book is read every twenty-four hours. The faithful Moslem, whenever in his weariness and discouragement he finds himself within the sacred precincts of his place of worship, hears words from that holy book, the name of which has been interpreted by some as "The Cry"—the Koran—the *Cry* of the human, the cry of the finite to the Infinite. A similar provision is made in the Jewish ritual,—the Torah is read through in successive clauses each year. The Episcopal Church has a similar program of set reading. Perhaps the freer Protestant churches do not utilize the whole of the Bible that way, but somewhere or other you may strike something that belongs to the treasure-house of the "Word," and that something is made more beautiful and more impressive because it is saturated with tender memories.

In the house of the youngest of our family there is an old book to which the baby, now gray headed, has fallen heir; both covers are gone, and the first and last leaves worn off and the remainder thumb scarred and worn. The text, which is in large letters, would be available to but few in this presence save myself. That book is known as the *"Cysur Mam,"*—"Mother's Comfort," because it was the old book from which, with her waning eye-sight on her bed of pain, she derived comfort and consolation. I have many versions of the Bible in my library, finer print and more adequately bound, but no volume that has the "savor of life unto life," the touch of sanctity, like that simple old text permeated by a mother's patience and a mother's love. Thus it is that the sanctities of Sunday touch the larger sanctities of the home and the profounder inspirations of history.

Next Sunday we will see what we may derive from the hymn, or, if you please, the place of the hymn in literature, for in it there is an element of culture, if you affect that word.

We thank Thee Father for the living water that has flowed through the ages. We thank Thee Father for the thirst, the yearning that enables us to drink from the fountain, and with thy help so live that others coming after us may be more bountifully fed, and may find more adequate means to quench their thirst for the water of life. Amen.

THE REDWING

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle,
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment,
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young Sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother; tomorrow
I, too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand new garment of joy.

The Century —*Bliss Carman.*

A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things.

A sad case for him when all he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest.

Lower than this he will not get.—*Carlyle.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XIII.
Tobit

TEXT: *"If thou have but little, be not afraid to give according to that little."* iv:8.

The story of Tobit is fairly familiar. It is picturesque, graphic, curious and reflects the spirit of the times. Of course it is a novelette and there is no use trying to make history out of it; it will not hang together. This, unlike most of the writings we study this year, seems to have been widely distributed in various languages at about the time our Bible makers were busy, i. e., the Septuagint translators, in Alexandria and Jerome, in Rome. It is found in a variety of versions, Syriac, Latin, Greek and Chaldee, but no original Hebrew version. Scholars conclude that it was born out of that exceedingly live period of Jewish history which centered in Alexandria. It has been dated variously from 200 B. C. down to 200 A. D. The writers of the first Christian century quoted from it, but there is nothing in the book itself to locate it as to time. Josephus, who wrote a little later, does not seem to have heard of it; at least makes no use of it, which is another hint that it grew into popularity in, and was widely distributed from, the Alexandrian center.

The scene of the story is cast in about the seventh or eighth century B. C. It had many centuries to grow before it finally fell into the hands of a poet-artist, who utilized it for the purpose of revivifying the halting spirits of the Jews in Alexandria after all their humiliations. It is a very curious attempt to embody, in story form, the Jewish or Hebrew loyalty to their religion in their entanglements with surrounding nations.

Tobit was a pious Jew belonging to the northern tribe, Naphtali, never located except in the books. He lived at the time of Nineveh's dominance and tells us that his tribe had fallen away and taken up with the bull worship that characterized eastern Mesopotamia. He remained true to the religion of his fathers, made frequent visits to Jerusalem for pious purposes and dedicated a tenth of his income to religion. We see a touch of the commercial sagacity of the Jew, when, in the face of an invasion of Nineveh, Tobit put his property where his captors could not get it, leaving it in the hands of a kinsman in Media, from whom he took a note of hand. While under the Ninevites he showed his devotion to his people by seeing that those who had fallen in battle were religiously buried. Among the Greeks it was the height of neglect on the part of kinsmen and comrades to allow dead bodies to go unburied; but this was not a distinctive element of Jewish thought. The one grotesque and unpleasant episode in the story occurs when Tobit loses his eyesight. His good wife was equal to the occasion. She earned their living by spinning and weaving, and did it so well that her employer made her a present of a kid. The gift first piqued the curiosity and then aroused the jealousy of the blind husband, and there happened what Moulton calls "a perfectly natural domestic quarrel."

Then follows the story of the journey of the son Tobias back to Media, in consequence of his father's anxiety that he might take a wife from his own people and that he might come into his inheritance. A guide was chosen, Azarias, in reality the angel Raphael, one of the seven angels—not Hebrew but Persian. On the journey the guide took particular pains to awaken in the young man lively expectations of meeting the fair Sarah, reported very beautiful. One day they went swimming in the Tigris, and Tobias was scared by a big fish jumping at him. Azarias instructed the boy to catch the fish, cut it open and take good care to save the heart, bladder and liver. Here again is a Persian touch in the story. The lovable and lovely girl selected as a wife for Tobias had the misfortune of being coveted by an evil demon, who was jealous of her, and whose malignant presence had caused the death of seven wooers. Tobias had heard these gruesome stories and was not anxious to be No. 8, but the angel told him to take the heart and liver of the fish, burn them and the smoke would drive away the evil spirit forever.

Then is recorded the very gracious wooing. The source of portions of the Episcopal and Jewish marriage ritual may here be found. There is the exchange of vows, the giving away of the bride, two or three quite gracious, quite modern, quite beautiful prayers. This is an interesting love story, sweet, winning and high, shot through and through with superstition, with Oriental necromancy and marvel working, which is more Persian than Hebrew, though the latter had plenty of it also. It is the superstition of primitive man shot through with poetry.

After the marriage festival, lasting a fortnight, the boy felt he must go home, and so the good father-in-law made a generous allowance and delivered to him the bag of gold. The bride received the injunction to "Honor thy father and thy mother-in-law." In the interval there is again domestic trouble in the home of Tobit, caused by the long delayed return and the mother's anxiety. All this passes when at length they arrive at home accompanied by the dog. We are surprised to read of the dog, because in the Hebrew tradition dogs were considered a symbol of bad forces. Now comes the use of the gall bladder preserved from the big fish. Tobias, as he has been told by the angel, makes of it a paste and anoints the eyes of his father, whose sight is thus restored.

These incidents have been used by the artist more than by the moralist. A favorite Madonna is the Madonna of the Fish, painted by Raphael for the altar of a church in Naples. There was a peculiar fitness in using this subject for the picture, because the Neapolitans were then, and probably are still, peculiarly affected by diseases of the eye, doubtless with a filth origin, for which the fish was a cure. So Raphael painted the Madonna seated, with the angel leading Tobias carrying the fish, on one side, and on the other St. Ambrose, introduced because he gathered the story into the Latin collection.

Tobit lived to be a hundred and fifty-eight years old, the household was blessed with a happy brood of grandchildren, and the curtain falls on this sweet, tender, domestic drama, full of delicious romance.

It offers spectacular situations and is interesting dramatically beyond almost anything in the Bible. It is much richer in action than the story of Esther and much finer in detail and more dramatic in its movement than the Song of Songs. But aside from this it contains a lot of high morality; it is a little book of Job. The hero remained faithful to his religion through all adversity and in the end received his reward.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in the advice of the father to the son in chapter four, some of the sentences of which are used in the Episcopal liturgy at the offertory.

"According to thy ability be merciful.

"Cease not to give alms of that which is found in thy hands. If thou hast abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou have but a little, be not afraid to give according to that little; for thou layest up a good treasure for thyself against the day of necessity. Because that alms do deliver from death, and suffereth not to come into darkness. For alms is a good gift unto all that give it in the sight of the Most High. And every one who occupieth himself in alms shall behold the face of God, as it is written, I will behold thy face in righteousness."

As in the statement of Jesus' Beatitudes, the pure, never the impure, shall see God.

Faith in the answering of prayer is shown by the simultaneous prayers of Tobit and Sarah, two or three hundred miles apart, the prayers going up together, and answered through Raphael, who gave to Tobias his Hebrew wife and to Sarah a human husband, breaking the spell of the evil Asmodaeus.

No matter how interwoven with the incredible, the miraculous and the absurd are the stories found in the canonical books of the Old Testament, your read them reverently and try to find something good in the impossible things. But take a story touched with the same archaic quality and put it into the Apocrypha,—just over the line and a shadowy line at that,—and you are prone to joke and to make fun for it. That is not good perspective. You are looking at it with one eye instead of two.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Is there any historical basis for the book of Tobit?
(2) Give in general the sources of our English translation.
(3) Is any part of the book in common use at the present time, and by whom?
(4) What would you say was the purpose of the book?
(5) On what ground might this book well have been admitted into the Canon?

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Yes—"on our brows we feel the breath
Of dawn," tho' in the night we wait!
An arrow is in the heart of Death,
A god is at the doors of Fate!
The Spirit that moved on the Deep
Is moving through the minds of men:
The nations feel it in their sleep.
A change has touched their dreams again.

Voices, confused and faint, arise,
Troubling their hearts from East to West.
A doubtful light is in their skies,
A gleam that will not let them rest;
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side,
Unsignaled as the approach of Spring,
Invincible as the hawthorn-tide.

Have ye not heard, tho' darkness reigns,
A people's voice across the gloom,
A distant thunder of rending chains,
And nations rising from their tomb,
Then—if ye will—uplift your word
Of cynic wisdom, till night fail,
Tell us He came to bring a sword,
Spit poison in the Holy Grail.

Say that we dream! Our dreams have woven
Truths that outface the burning sun:
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Dreams—but their swift celestial fingers
Have knit the world with threads of steel,
Till no remotest island lingers
Outside the world's great commonweal.

Tell us that custom, sloth, and fear
Are strong, then name them "common sense!"
Tell us that greed rules everywhere,
Then dub the lie "experience."
Year after year, age after age,
Has handed down, through fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage
The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

Dreams, are they? But ye cannot stay them
Or thrust the dawn back for one hour!
Truth, Love, and Justice, if ye slay them,
Return with more than earthly power;
Strive, if ye will, to seal the fountains
That send the Spring thro' leaf and spray.
Drive back the sun from the Eastern mountains,
Then—bid this mightier movement stay.

It is the Dawn! The Dawn! The nations
From East to West have heard a cry,—
Through all earth's blood-red generations
By hate and slaughter climbed thus high;
Here—on this height—still to aspire,
One only path remains untrod,
One path of love and peace climbs higher—
Make straight that highway for our God.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

From "The Wine Press: A Tale of War." Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers.

Furs for Warmth

Visitors to the highly interesting kinematograph representation, now being given in London, of scenes from Capt. Scott's memorable expedition, can see and hear for themselves that furs are not a necessary article of clothing even in ice-bound regions. Mr. Ponting, the very skilful camera artist, who accompanied the expedition and graphically tells the story, informs us that two or three suits of woolen underwear, and over these blouses and trousers of a thin windproof material were much lighter than furs and just as warm. He says: "So far as Antarctic exploration is concerned furs are a thing of the past."

Have we not almost reached the acme of absurdity and of cruelty when, literally, millions of fur-bearing animals are done to death with all the torment of steel traps and other instruments of torture, because fashionable dames in our temperate zones think they cannot keep themselves warm without a pile of skins hanging round the necks and shoulders, while the explorers in a temperature 50 degrees below zero find they can do better without them altogether?

The Inquirer. —*Ernest Bell.*

All passions, all desires return no more;
The beauty and the worth in him I loved
Remade the world, and opened wide the door
To realms of thought with calmer beauty moved.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney
288 Summit Ave.
ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

IMPROVED HOUSING CONDITIONS.

It is not true that men *choose* to live as they do in Pittsburgh. Wherever an honest effort has been made to provide better accommodations, and foresight has been exercised explaining the more complicated machinery of our civilization—such as closets and baths—they have been eagerly accepted. Very often these "cattle" have gladly paid their hard-earned money for such commodities.

In a number of cases I have advised baths properly placed in boarding houses, and invariably I was met by this accepted theory, that the men are but cattle and their standard of living so low that they do not care for a bath. Yet in nearly all cases where my advice was followed, the bathing capacity had to be increased.

This is true of every experiment which has been made for the improvement of housing conditions, although of course patience had to be exercised and an educational propaganda inaugurated.

The American people have taken it for granted that a standard of living is a biological inheritance, and that in the Divine economy the American was born with a passion for Colonial houses, automobiles and soap and water, while the immigrant came into the world fond of hovels, dirt and wheelbarrows. The American forgets that the average boy, even though he have a long ancestry used to an abundance of soap and water, has to go through a painful period of apprenticeship. Many of my readers will remember, no doubt that before the daily bath was deemed a necessity, the thought of the weekly or semi-weekly scrubbing brought anything but joy in its anticipation.

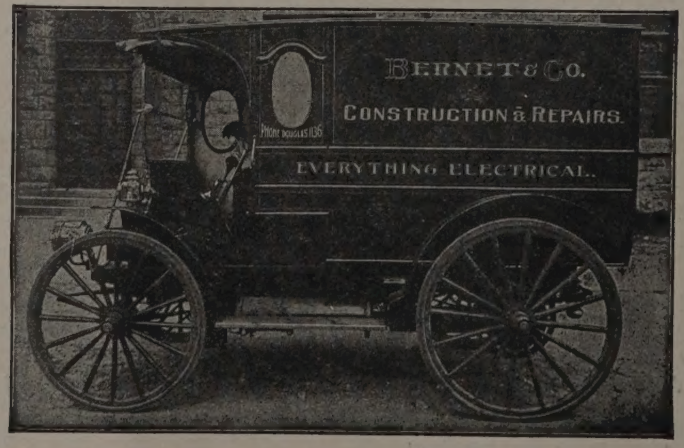
Edward A. Steiner in "From Alien to Citizen."—Congregationalist and Christian World.

The one hundred and fiftieth performance of *Magic*, G. K. Chesterton's interesting play, in its run at the Little Theater, London, has just been achieved. The book is published in America by the *Putnams*.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds
3852 Cottage Grove Ave. **Phone, Douglas 5962**

For the Lenten Season
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH
EVERYTHING IN THE FISH LINE
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
R. FRANZ
732-734 East 39th Street **Telephone, Douglas 7014**

Prompt Service



Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue **Phone, Drexel 1435**

This 75-cent Dinner for Four People Was Cooked in the Ovens of a "Composite" Range in 45 Minutes with 2½ cents Worth of Gas—

Menu

Potato Soup

Round Steak stuffed with Onions Beets with vinegar

Baked Squash Tapioca Pudding

Coffee

Directions: Squash should go in first to bake full 45 minutes in bake oven, soup may be cooked on bottom of upper oven in same manner and requires same time to cook as on top of stove. The steak with onion filling should be placed in baking pan with drippings and a little hot water — put meat in lower oven and allow it to cook 30 minutes, turn once while cooking. Tapioca should be soaked over night—allow plenty of milk for pudding and start to bake in baking oven at the time meat goes in lower oven; 15 minutes before taking out stir in yellow of egg and the sugar, using the white last for top coating—this will brown in few minutes. Beets served cold with vinegar.

This is one of many wholesome and inexpensive dinners described in our new book "Gas Oven Cooking" —which tells all about the modern system of oven cooking made possible by the

"Composite" Gas Range

Ask for This Book—It is now ready for free distribution at all of our branch stores and our big salesroom downtown. Branch stores are open Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings till 9 o'clock.

The Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co.

Peoples Gas Building Telephone Randolph 4567

DREXEL STATE BANK

Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard

RESOURCES OVER $3,000,000.00

Your Account Invited

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Your Afternoon Frock

To look its best, should be carefully Dry Cleaned by our process, which is far superior to the ordinary cleaner.

In Our Plant

Each Garment is thoroughly Cleaned separately while the ordinary cleaner cleans from ten to seventy-five garments all at the same time and in the same batch.

Do you want your garments cleaned with other garments that you know nothing about?

Phone Drexel 231

Schumann & Company

OFFICE AND WORKS

3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

JONES

DAIRY FARM

Sausage

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Avenue
H. F. EGGERS
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Telephones
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Things Electrical

AT our Shop you will find displayed a variety of Electrical Devices for household use. They are conveniences that make housekeeping easier, cooking simpler and add greatly to the comfort and luxury of the home.

YOUR INSPECTION IS INVITED

TOASTERS
PERCOLATORS
ELECTRIC IRONS
CHAFING DISHES
WASHING MACHINES
VACUUM CLEANERS

ELECTRIC SHOP-CHICAGO
Jackson and Michigan Boulevards

308